Rosse No good at all that I can doe for him,
Vnlesse you call it good to pitty him,
Bereft, and gelded of his patrimony.
North. Now afore God tis shame such wrongs are borne,
In him a royall Prince and many mo,
Of noble bloud in this declining land,
The King is not himselfe, but basely led
By flatterers, and what they will informe,
Meerely in hate gainst any of vs all,
That will the King seuerely prosecute,
Gainst vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.
Rosse The commons hath he pild with grieuous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts. The nobles hath he finde,
For ancient quarrels and quite lost their hearts.
Willo. And daily new exactions are deuisde,
As blankes, beneuolences, and I wot not what:
But what a Gods name doth become of this?
North. Wars hath not wasted it, for warrde he hath not,
But basely yeelded vpon compromise,
That which his noble auncestors atchiued with blowes,
More hath he spent in peace then they in wars.
Rosse The Earle of Wiltshire hath the realme in farme.
Will. The King growen banckrout like a broken man,
North. Reproch and dissolution hangeth ouer him.
Rosse He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banisht Duke.
North. His noble kinsman most degenerate King,
But Lords we heare this fearefull tempest sing,
Yet seeke no shelter to auoid the storme:
We see the wind sit sore vpon our sailes,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.
Rosse We see the very wracke that we must suffer,
And vnauoided is the danger now
For suffering so the causes of our wracke.
North. Not so, euen through the hollow eies of death,
I spie life peering but I dare not say,

How neere the tidings of our comfort is.
Wil. Nay let vs share thy thoughts as thou dost ours.
Rosse Be confident to speake Northumberland
We three are but thy selfe, and speaking so
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
North. Then thus, I haue from le Port Blan
A Bay in Brittaine receiude intelligence,
That Harry duke of Herford, Rainold L. Cobham
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter
His brother, archbishop late of Canterburie,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir Iohn Ramston,
Sir Iohn Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Coin
All these well furnished by the Duke of Brittaine
With eight tall shippes, three thousand men of warre,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly meane to touch our Northerne shore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the King for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slauish yoke,
Impe out our drowping countries broken wing,
Redeeme from Broking pawne the blemisht Crowne,
Wipe off the dust that hides our Scepters guilt,
And make high Maiestie looke like it selfe,
Away with me in post to Rauenspurgh:
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and my selfe will go.
Rosse To horse, to horse, vrge doubts to them that feare
Willo. Holde out my horse, and I will first be there.

Exeunt.

Enter the Queene, Bushie, Bagot.

Bush. Madam, your maiestie is too much sad,
You promist, when you parted with the King,
To lay aside life-harming heauines,
And entertaine a cheerefull disposition.
Queene To please the king I did, to please my selfe
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as Griefe,